

THE WISE OWL'S



POEM BOOK

THE WISE OWL



A wise, old owl
Sat in an oak
The more he saw
The less he spoke,
The less he spoke,
The more he heard!
Why can't we all
Be like that bird?

When Mother Prays

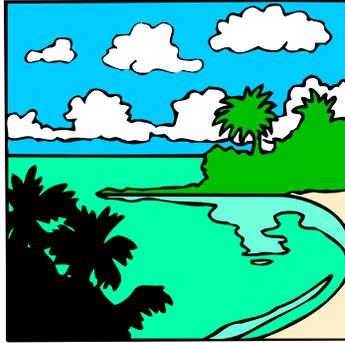


It always seems so good to me
When Mother prays;
Sometimes I cry, and cannot see,
When Mother prays;
The angels come down-
Oh, so close,
That I can touch them,
Seems almost!
And inside I get warm with joy;
I'm sorry then I took Bill's toy,
I want to be a better boy!
When Mother prays.

TRIFLES

Julia Fletcher Carney

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.



Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

Thus our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue
Oft in sin to stray.



Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make this world an Eden,
Like the heaven above!



My Shadow

—Robert Louis Stevenson

I have a little shadow
That goes in and put with me,
And what can be the use of him
Is more than I can see.
He's very, very like me
From the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me
When I jump into my bed.



The funniest thing about him
Is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children,
Which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller
Like an India rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little
That there's none of him at all.



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He doesn't have a notion
Of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me
In every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me,
He's a coward, you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to Nursie
Like that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early
Before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew
On every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow,
Like an errant sleepyhead,
Had stayed at home behind me,
And was fast asleep in bed.



WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, & NOD

Eugene Field

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.

“Where are you going and what do you wish?”
The old moon asked the three.

“We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!”

Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.



The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in the beautiful sea—
“Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
But never afraid are we;”
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
 To the stars in the twinkling foam;
 Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
 Bringing the fishermen home.
 'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
 As if it could not be,
 And some folks thought 'twas a dream they
 dreamed
 Of sailing that beautiful sea—
 But I shall name you the fishermen three:
 Winken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.



Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
 And Nod is a little head,
 And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
 Is a wee one's trundle-bed,
 So shut your eyes while mother sings
 Of wonderful sights that be,
 And you shall see the beautiful things
 As you rock on the crystal sea,
 Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

"BABYLAND" – George Cooper

"How many miles to Babyland?"

"Anyone can tell;
Up one flight,
To your right;
Please to ring the bell."



"What do they say in Babyland?"

"Why the *oddest things!*

Might as well
Try to tell
What a birdie sings!"



"What can you see in Babyland?"

"Little folks in white,
Downey heads,
Cradle beds,
Faces pure and bright!"



"What do they do in Babyland?"

"Dream and wake and play,
Laugh and crow,
Shout and grow;
Jolly times have they!"



"Who is the Queen of Babyland?"

"Mother , kind and sweet;
And her love,
Born above,
Guides the little feet."





THE FLY

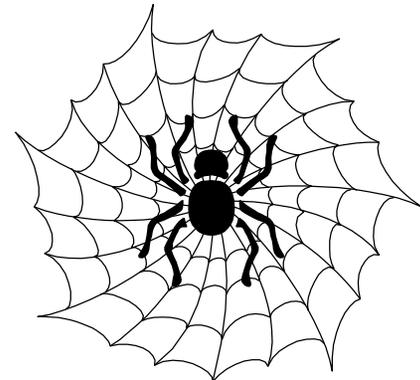
Baby-bye,
Here's a fly;
Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls
Up the walls,
Yet he never falls!
I believe with six such legs
You and I could walk on eggs.
There he goes
On his toes
Tickling baby's nose.



Flies can see
More than we;
So how bright their eyes
must be!
Little fly,
Ope your eye;
Spiders are nearby.
For a secret I can tell,
Spiders never use flies well;
Then away,
Do not stay,
Little fly, Good-day.



Spots of red
Dot his head;
Rainbows on his back are
spread;
That small speck
Is his neck;
See him nod and beck!
I can show you, if you choose,
Where to look for his wee
shoes,
Three small pairs,
Made of hairs;
These he always wears



MARY'S LAMB



Sarah J. Hale

Mary had a little lamb,
His fleece was white as snow,—
And everywhere that Mary went,
That lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day,—
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear.



And then he ran to her and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if to say, "I'm not afraid—
You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry.
"Oh! Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

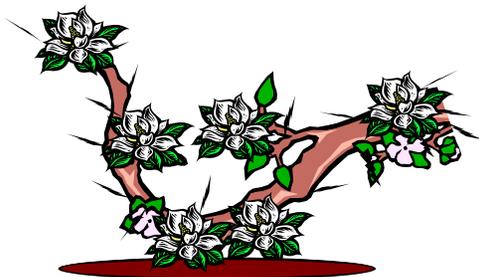
Ill-Natured Miss Brier

Anna Bache

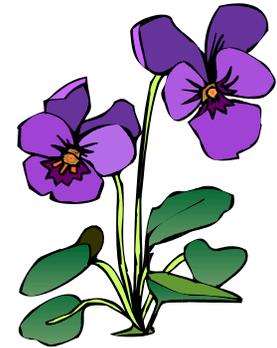
Little Miss Brier came out of the ground;
She put out her thorns ,
And scratched everything 'round.
"I'll just try," said she,
"How bad I can be;
At pricking and scratching,
There's few can match me"

Little Miss Brier was handsome and bright,
Her leaves were dark green,
And her flowers pure white;
But all who came nigh her
Were so worried by her
They'd go out of their way
To keep clear of the brier.

Little Miss Brier was looking one day
At her neighbor, Miss Violet, over the way;
"I wonder," says she,
"That no-one pets me,
While all seen so glad little Violet to see."



Old Mr. Linnet, who sat on a
tree,
Heard the speech of Miss
Brier,
And thus answered he:
"Tis not that she's fair,
For you may compare
In beauty with even Miss Violet there,



"But Violet is always so pleasant and kind,
So gentle in manner, so humble in mind,
E'en the worms at her feet
She would never illtreat,
And to bird, bee, and butterfly,
Always so sweet."

The gardener's wife then the pathway came
down,
And the mischievous brier caught hold of her
gown,
"Oh, dear, what a tear,
My gown's spoiled, I declare,
That troublesome brier has no business there!
Here, John, dig it up;
Throw it into the fire."
And that was the end of ill-natured Miss Brier.



SLEEPY-TIME

The birdie has gone to its nest,
And baby must go to her bed,
For the sun has sunk down in the west
In curtains of purple and red.

Yes, this is the end of the day;
The lambs are asleep in the dew;
So baby must leave off her play,
And go to her little bed, too.